

Feb. 11th 1861

Weymouth Feb 11th 1861

My dear Mary,

I received your
 valued letter at a moment when
 much sorrow & individual sor-
 row had made kindness doubly
 welcome. It was just after having
 gone over & over the figures of
 the festival-report, & made
 sure that was all as correct as I
 could make it. - & then hav-
 ing been called to the death-bed
 of my dear remaining Aunt,
 Phoebe, - the sister of my Aunt
 Mary, whose death you saw
 in the Liberator & Standard.

These Aunts, my
 father's sisters, have been parents
 to us all. They were, at my

One of my dear friends, your affectionately
 M. Thompson.

at my earliest recollections of
them three maiden ladies no
longer young. They seemed
then to me older than they
have since done, during the years
when my experience brought me
to their level & made us feel
like contemporaries. They have had
a sort of conventional life, so far as re-
laxment & religious devotion to
good works could make the lives
of Protestant maidens take that
tinge. To the last they each pre-
served the quick sympathies &
active mental powers of their
youth. It is a heavy loss to think
of them as losing their share
of Liberty now gleaming through
a mist of clouds & tempests. My

Aunt's death, yesterday morning,
was at last sudden to us though
her feebleness was such as to give
us no right to presume as we
did, upon an indefinite exten-
sion of her long term of life. She
was eighty-two years old; yet like
a young person of fifteen in
the quickness of her intelligence
& the warmth of her heart. It
will be a heavy sorrow to my
Sister & Brother in Rome to
hear of this final closing of
a house which has been the
delight of their childhood & life
up to the time of their leaving
America. I hear from them
semi-monthly at least & they

are, as they have some time
been, only waiting my, his
Lucia's recovery to return. But
though apparently sure, it is ve-
slow, & they do not like to risk
by rashness what they have gained
by patient waiting.

The signs of the times are
indeed promising. I have tried
to give my ideas of them in
our report of the Anniversary
which you will receive next
week. We could not send it earlier
as the papers were filled with
important reports, pleadings &
other things of immediate mo-
ment. The only danger is the
old one - lest there should not
be in the common heart of

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our people Anti-Slavery feeling
 enough to true events a favour-
 able turn. But since there has
 been enough to create events,
 I will not doubt there may
 be sufficient to profit by them.
 The Gulf States & the Cotton States
 are already gone. There is a
 delay about the Border States,
 which cannot yet make up
 their minds whether to go north
 or south. The Slave-Confederacy
 threatens, Capoles, steals, whist
 Conspires, revolts - what not
 that is vile, violent & treasonable?
 & in the North are a sympathizing
 few, influential because rich; &
 some of these, (as Edward Everett
 well known - or M-Knowlton)
 whose game it is to true mobs
 & instigate violence, by way

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Swing the Slaveholders in Congress
& at the South, all possible encourage-
ment, & wishes of fuftening
the Republicans into making
further compromises than
the Constitution already makes
to Slavery. The Constitution, as you
know, already tolerates Slavery as
an existing practice, but does not
in so many words
recognize it as a legitimate institu-
tion. The South demands express
recognition, legalization, guarantee,
extension over all the free States
& territories, by right of transit
& right of residence. In short
as Toombs said, "to count our slaves
on Banker Hill." She demands
so much that it will be impossi-
ble to grant it. She demands
that these States should all be
one unmingled Slave-land.

I cannot but hope they
may all leave the Union, —
those precious Slave-States. But
the half-converted North would
soon keep the border States. —
here lies the danger, — lest she
should make the Constitution worse
than it is for the sake of keep-
ing them. Still my hopes are
 sanguine that all will go well.
We have not only the feeble
virtues of the North to depend
upon, but the Pentecostal baseness
of the South. She is fasten-
ing the eyes of the North to the
character of Slavery, than we
can do, by her robberies & assaults
& attempts to create a civil
war through her tools at the
North. I remember to have
often spoke to you of our anti
slavery policy of endurance never

Non-Resistance in the physical
sense, as one that absolutely
confounded the South. So it
has now. It not only defeats
the South, but disconcerts Northern
Pro-Slavery too. When our Mis-
erable Mayor came to our meet-
ing to disperse it, at the command
of Southern slaveholders & their
Northern Boston partners, he
stood utterly confounded. Well nigh
three thousand people - the flow
of the city & the State, sitting immo-
bile, with a hundred or two of
voters in their rear howling
& hollering, & making desperate
charges into the hall against
the solid-seated audience, to whom
they seemed as froth to the rock:
how was the Mayor & 200 police
men to scatter these two or three
thousand & leave the voters

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in possession? — this was a
problem he could not solve.

He was obliged, by mere power
of Superior Natures upon his own
base one, to turn out the
Mob: & he would not allow
the meeting in the evening

that would make
some kind of a row or street
fight. But we were too many
for him there also. All their
schemes came to nothing &

luckily, we have no fur-
ther need of a meeting till
after the 4th of March

when Lincoln will be inaugu-
rated, or the City of Washington
taken by a Coup d'Etat, &
the civil war turned into
the South, if one there is to

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he. We are extremely anxious
about Mr Phillips, for always
in these crises, the person who
happens to be in the way of
the enemy, is the one opposed
from '30 to '35 it was Garrison -
then Thompson - then my family -
then Mr Phillips. But Thompson
as a freeman & Phillips as a
citizen ready to defend himself,
when the law will not, have re-
solutely been in danger each
in his time. We have the
British & German population, some
of whom have determined that
no harm shall come to Mr
Phillips. Grateful as I am to them,
I find in them the danger -
our element to the cause. It
needed not a hot-head to snuff
a pistol on our side, when the

the other has snapped the whip,
to have a civil war raged
as by magic, & blood flowing
like water between the two
Sides. So it might have been
in thirty years - & in so
many crises since. There is
no risk but in the fear that
our own funds may some
of them not stand like great
Sea-Marks high enough
to save them that eye them.
Too low a Beacon runs the
Ship ashore - & so I
dread these fighting funds
we try to provoke these fights,
as they see no other way would
I have talked with them & they
told me so. Good little creatures

they are, but shallow as Milk
Gauss. It is much better for us
to be killed by a mob, than
to be saved by self-defense.

But each man to his own
conscience. It is not for me
to make mine the cause of another.
It is not for me to say
that it costs my discrete balance
or valonous discretion, nothing
to go independent, for I never
had, nor could possibly get the
satisfaction of danger, upon
any of these occasions, since
the cause was a cause, & these
have been pretty numerous.

I hate, when they know
how strong the cause is, & how
weak its opponents, I cannot
brook without pain, to see them
dwell upon such in our papers.

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But the truth never can do
 harm, I will hope, & so comfort
 myself that there is often a pre-
 sented of these late experiences
 where a few statistics would do better.
 I do not feel melancholy when
 a thousand neighbours whom
 I always knew for slave-trading
 owners (directly or remotely)
 like a thousand fishermen whom
 I always knew for drunkards,
 to vote for a Mayor to put
 down the abolitionists, & then
 bring their Mayor & then vote
 together to try to do it. I only
 feel exultant & amused at the
 failure. I knew the wickedness
 too well before to be in the
 least surprised & my hope
 we shall be able to control our

#65 Some of the friends say in the papers
 #14

good little "fighting Christians."

You may have seen the
name of Mrs. Howe (Dr. Howe
Philosopher & Philhellene's wife)
as one finding at the faithful
book "Jestings" that all are con-
venient. I hope she is now
in process of conversion, & being
a clever woman that she will
do the good service hereafter. She
says (see Standard) that she hates
a gregarious pot of tea. This was
allusion to the Anniversary, of
which otherwise she speaks
well. I mean, when I next
see her, to treat her like medicine
"take her & well shake her;" &
let her know that to talk of
the tea in such a case is like
criticism the theme of the
common one partaker

of on the eve of battle.
But she had the sense to
appreciate the sound array
of the troops the next morning.

She is simply one of the
foolish daughters who can
be trusted with pen & ink
for lack of both common sense
& exalted sense. Yet I hope
she will be made something
of yet by this cause.

I cannot but thank
my dear Mary that the
Advocate does more good
than any other way
which its cost could be expended.
I trust the paper may reach
more popularity
and increase the probability

for the cause - a blessing to
with principle. Many thanks
for all you are doing for
our friend Miss Benson.
She will repay it all to the
Cause. I'm sure in the
widened capability to serve it.
Miss Labot you will see
by the papers, is no more.
Life was our love to be sustained
after Eliza died. I never
saw her after. I knew the
mother were better spared
to her, feeble as she was. I
cannot tell you I feel any
less health than when last
mentioned this to you. I should
be sorry to feel less, for it would
be an indication of some flaw
in the nature. What a charm
she gave to existence! - but one must

not expect to have a life all enchanted. I may
be obliged to come to a shop some time